HUMAN EVENTS

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News Section

Printed in Two Sections

One Big Issue: As Senator Bridges revealed after congressional leaders conferred with the President, Mr. Eisenhower feels very vigorously about the foreign aid question and stated his intention to campaign "very hard on this issue" in the coming campaign this fall. Others who were at the Gettysburg meeting report that the Chief Executive pounded the table and seemed emotionally aroused when he emphasized this point.

It was Senator Saltonstall, according to some accounts, who provided Ike with a springboard for his sentiments on foreign aid. The Massachusetts Senator warned Ike that the people were not with him on this question. "In New England," he remarked, "people used to be the country's warmest supporters of foreign aid. Today they are very reluctant to support big grants of such aid." The President sternly took this as a text to lecture the congressional leaders, suggesting that they had failed to present the issue properly and forcibly to the general public. This failure, he intimated, he intended to repair during the campaign.

An additional episode at Gettysburg is related, indicating that the Palace Guard will try to prod Ike into appeasement of Marshal Tito, Communist dictator of Yugoslavia. One of the Washington visitors, it is reported, was chided by White House officials on his well-known opposition to giving any aid to Tito. The member retorted that he had no intention of changing his policy in this respect.

Two days later, the House handed the President a firm rejection of his desire to have more foreign aid funds passed, by voting a sharply reduced foreign aid appropriation bill.

Spies in Government: Recent behind-the-scenes events give no comfort to leaders on Capitol Hill when they contemplate the problem of security. Some of these leaders once thought that Senator McCarthy exaggerated the problem; now they think otherwise. For, in the congressional cloakrooms, the news has been getting around that Hill probers have ferreted out a security risk right in a top echelon of the Government. Investigators found some interesting evidence concerning a bureaucrat, who works under key planning and policy officials. They bring up the following allegations about his record:

(1) During the war, he worked for OWI, a war agency which earned a reputation of being extensively infiltrated by subversives. (2) He is of recent naturalization and got in the U.S. Government before the war on the basis of his "anti-fascist" opinions, a suspicious fact in view of the abuse by subversives of such a classification. (3) U.S. diplomats abroad, on information from authoritative sources, warned the U.S. Government that this individual had a poor record. (4) He has recently opposed a "firm line" in dealing with Soviet policy. (5) Reportedly Government higher-ups concede that there's some doubt about the individual but, instead of dismissing him, are transferring him to another less sensitive agency.

All this may well be aired in coming congressional hearings. If so, it will fortify the element which wants to tighten up, not to relax, our security regulations.

Kentucky Feuding: Ironically, the success of Kentucky's Governor A. B. "Happy" Chandler, in forging complete control of the Democratic organization in his state, may bode well for the chances of the Republican selections for Kentucky's two Senate seats in the coming November elections.

The recent state convention, overwhelmingly pro-Chandler, chose him to be Chairman of its delegation to the Democratic National Convention next month and its National Committeeman, and instructed the National Convention delegation to vote for him so long as his name is before the Convention.

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The irrepressible Happy thus scored a clean sweep over the previously controlling faction which unsuccessfully fought his gubernatorial candidacy last year. That faction's two bosses are Senator Earl Clements, up for re-election this year, and former Governor Lawrence Wetherby, selected last month by the old State Committee (controlled by Clements and Wetherby) as Democratic nominees for the Senate seat of the late Alben Barkley.

Clements is opposed by Thruston B. Morton, three-term member of the House, who resigned as an Assistant Secretary of State to go back home to run against Clements. Former Senator John Sherman Cooper, now U.S. Ambassador to India, a few days ago acceded to President Eisenhower's request that he oppose Wetherby.

Chandler vowed publicly, in the closing stages of the 1955 gubernatorial race, that he personally would undertake to see that Clements never was re-elected to the Senate. He closed last week's state convention with a plea for party unity and a pledge of support for Clements and Wetherby.

But those who know Chandler wonder how far his tongue was in his cheek when he made that statement.

Politicos picture Chandler as reasoning this way: If Clements and Weatherby win, then in the event of a Democratic victory they will control Federal patronage in the state and will use it to rebuild their own machine. If Morton and Cooper are elected, the only Democratic patronage in the state will be state jobs controlled by Happy. Ergo, Happy has little to gain from two Democratic Senators, little to lose from two Republicans.

Morton and Cooper both are notorious as liberal internationalists, distasteful to old-line conservatives. But conservative pundits say that they at least would help keep the Senate under Republican control.

Consensus: Two possible previously-unexpected GOP seats in the Senate.

Inside Story on Money Policy: The new book by Robert J. Donovan, *Eisenhower: The Inside Story*, which discloses the Administration's record with the help of Cabinet secret files continues to draw criticism from GOP people. They say it is a strange document in some respects and point to the chapter on the 1953-54 recession as an example of how not to help the GOP.

Committed to a "sound money" policy, the Treasury under Humphrey in 1953 set about lengthening the public debt, just as the textbooks used to recommend. With the offering of a large 3¼ per cent bond issue in April 1953, it mopped up some $3 billions that otherwise would have gone into mortgage and business loans. A sizeable recession ensued and, as the Cabinet minutes now published show, gave the Administration no little concern.

The recession caused a cascade of criticism from Democratic, labor and left-wing sources, which called Humphrey's program a "hard money crusade" and similar harsh names. The recession ultimately ended, but not the debate. From the vantage point of improving business, Secretary Humphrey accused Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) and others of having prophesied "doom and gloom." The Administration staunchly defended its money and debt management policies of 1953 as strictly "sound money." It maintained then, as it has ever since, that it was not seeking through the 1953 30-year bond to make long-term money dearer and cause all interest rates to rise. Rather, 3¼ per cent was the going rate then for such money. All they had done was to pay the market rate. Cause a recession? *Never.*

Now comes some White House public relations genius and helps Mr. Donovan say of the 1953 financing in *Eisenhower: The Inside Story:* "This was part of what was popularly called the 'hard-money' policy. The tightening process was so effective that within a couple of months it brought about, according to the President's Economic Report of January 1954, an 'incipient and possibly dangerous' scramble for cash." Nice going, Mr. Hagerty! But why didn't the researchers go one page further in the quoted Economic Report and cite the "success" it claimed for the "flexible" policies followed to that date. It is a little hard to tell whether the financial chapter of the Donovan book was written to help Eisenhower or Representative Wright Patman (D., Texas), who has said all along that the Treasury's 1953 actions promoted recession.

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Free China: Diplomatic row in this city remarks with interest that Vice-President Nixon, in his globe-girdling trip, paid a visit to Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek. It is believed that the Vice-President is aware of the strength of the Free Chinese underground against the Peiping Government — a factor as badly neglected in our press as was the Polish underground until last week. Nixon, it is presumed, noted what the new Ambassador of Free China to the U.S., Dr. Hollington Tong, said in a recent speech.

"In the last few months," said Tong, "more than 40,000 escapees from Red China have managed to reach that British colony (Hong Kong) in search of a better life. The Free China Relief Association in Taipei has given aid to 1,102,983 Chinese who have attempted to flee from Red rule since April 1950. It has helped 52,888 of them to resettle in Formosa."

The Ambassador went on: "Since 1951, over 10,000 Chinese fishermen, in some 2,000 crafts, have fled Communist China to find a haven elsewhere. Tens of thousands of Chinese P.O.W.'s from Korea, and natives of the Tachen Islands, chose to throw in their lot with free China when they were given the freedom of choice. A continuous underground resistance is waged by scattered bands of non-Communists. A tabulation of instances cited by Communist delegates to the 1955 so-called 'Peoples Congress' mentions anti-Communist saboteur and guerrilla groups operating in at least 16 provinces.

"The largest single group, mentioned in practically all reports, is the 'Chinese People's Anti-Communist National Salvation Army' which has detachments operating all the way from Kwangtung Province in the south to Manchuria in the north. At least 50 specific anti-Red guerrilla units were cited by the Red delegates. Red China newspapers report that 560 cases of underground sabotage or destruction of power plants in China's large cities occurred in the first three months of the current year."

Socialized Power: Two straight-out contests of the issue of Federal vs. private development of hydroelectric power projects, both involving the same Hells Canyon project (see "Hells Canyon," June 30 HUMAN EVENTS), are in the offing, one within the next ten days, one in November.

The early contest is to be in the Senate, which will take up — probably next week — legislation calling for Federal development of this highly-controversial site on Idaho's Snake River at a cost estimated at about half a billion dollars (and such estimates invariably are quite low).

The Federal Power Commission already has authorized the privately-owned Idaho Power Company to develop the site with three low-level dams which will produce almost as much power at a far lower cost without costing taxpayers anything. This is one of the favorite targets of socialistic "liberals" who shrill "giveaway" because the Administration chooses to allow private enterprise to undertake the project at no cost to taxpayers.

"The vote will be so close I wouldn't hazard a guess on the outcome," says a high Democratic factotum in the Senate.

The second test on the same issue will come in the Oregon voters' decision as between Senator Wayne Morse, Republican-turned-Democrat, and Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay (resigned), the GOP nominee to oppose Morse.

By common concurrence of the two, socialized vs. private power has become the big issue in the Oregon senatorial campaign. McKay is an open and ardent exponent of the "partnership" power policy proclaimed by President Eisenhower during the '52 campaign, under which the Federal Government would undertake power development projects only when they are too big and costly to be undertaken otherwise; in all other cases, it will allow private enterprise or local-level governmental entities — or both in "partnership" wherever possible — to undertake the projects. Morse is an equally ardent advocate of socialization of the entire electrical power industry; that is not what he calls it, but that is what his program is.

Both have accepted Hells Canyon as the exemplification of the issue.

Which way will Oregon voters go? As of the moment, report observers in that state, probably to McKay. But it's a close one either way and no one is betting too much on either candidate.

Education Front: The Federal aid to education bill may be dead for this year, but only for this year. Its perennial advocates are a hardy lot and

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their defeat in 1956, when they really thought they had a chance for success, is by no means a death blow.

Meeting in Portland, Oregon, in annual convention, the National Education Association, the trade association of the public school teaching profession, unveiled plans for a vast expansion of its political and lobbying activities on local, state and national levels. Top priority is to go to a Federal aid program similar to the one rejected by the House of Representatives.

The program includes a major organizing drive to bring into the NEA as many as possible of the relatively few teachers who up to now have refused to join. The NEA, twenty years ago, claimed a membership of 170,000; today it is 659,190; the announced goal for July 1957, when it will mark its 100th anniversary, is 1,000,000, which would bring in virtually every public school teacher in the nation.

It also contemplates doubling of annual dues from $5 to $10 (but this cannot become effective until and unless, as appears probable, it is approved by next year's annual convention). Expansion of the Washington national headquarters staff to begin working on the invigorated lobbying is contemplated in the near future, however.

In addition to working in support of the Federal aid legislation, the NEA program includes local-level activity for higher pay for teachers and inauguration of a TV-radio program to tell the public, as NEA describes it, the story of American schools and their need. As if to justify the NEA's reputation as ultra-liberal, the program also includes strengthening of its internal commission to defend schools and teachers against "unwarranted attacks and unfair treatment" — the typical anti-anti-Communism of the Fund for the Republic, *et al.*

Meanwhile, observers in this capital tend toward the view that House rejection of the Federal aid bill shows that advocates of such a program have failed to demonstrate, to the satisfaction of a majority of members of Congress, the existence of any real need for the expenditure of such vast sums of Federal money. The vote to kill the measure for 1956 is taken as an expression of majority sentiment that state and local communities are capable of handling the problem themselves.

Letter from MRS. HARVEY W. WILEY, widow of the author of the Pure Food and Drug Act: "I am an attentive reader of HUMAN EVENTS, because being a loyal Republican, on the conservative side, HUMAN EVENTS gives me correct interpretations and inside facts of what is happening today, which information I could not get from any other source."

Between Covers: *Beyond the Dreams of Avarice*, by Russell Kirk, a book of essays by the author of *The Conservative Mind*. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, $4.50.

● *Brainwashing: The Story of the Men Who Defied It*, by Edward Hunter, author of *Brainwashing in Red China*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75.

● *The Kingdom Without God — Road's End for the Social Gospel*, essays by Gerald Heard, Edmund A. Opitz and others. Foundation for Social Research, 1521 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 17, California.

● Pamphlet: *Restore the Two-Thirds Rule*, by Governor Allan Shivers with a foreward by Senator Harry Flood Byrd. Published by American Good Government Society, 1624 Eye St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C., 25 cents.

● Magazine article: "Academic Freedom — Hutchins Style," by Kenneth Colegrove and Willmoore Kendall. The *American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. July, 1956, 15 cents.

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The Declaration of Independence opens: "When in the course of HUMAN EVENTS . . ."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, *Editor and Publisher*
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Article Section

MR. DOOLEY IN A CAMPAIGN YEAR

By JAMES J. KILPATRICK

IN THE MIDST of Republican raptures this year, as the national conventions approach and the election itself seems none too far away, it is no difficult matter for the bystander to find things to be sad about. The melancholy man, seeking to feed his sorrows, need only contemplate Mr. Kefauver. The senior Senator from Tennessee, though doubtless an admirable family man, is a splendid symbol of what ails the Republic.

But sad as most of the candidates may be, and sad as the prospect most surely is for the partyless South, still another distressing aspect of the 1956 campaign merits at least a passing sigh. Such is the state of American letters at mid-century that no one — alas, no one — is in a position to season this year's political mutton with a dash of wit. Some fairly preposterous Donnybrooks lie ahead; and the lamentable fact is that no writer with a keen sense of the preposterous is at hand. Lord, how an honest belly laugh would help! How welcome a genuine chuckle would be — but we don't write funny any more.

We don't write funny any more, and many of us in the newspaper business can't quite explain why. One explanation blames it on the depression: If we had any political humorists right now, it is said, they most likely would be in their mid-forties. That would mean they reached their mid-twenties in the mid-Thirties — that they set about making a living in 1933 or 1934 when making a living was nothing to smile about. The theory is that their funny bones were stunted in some professional infancy; these pundits matured in the midst of long faces and hard realities. No mirth for them.

Another explanation, and this may have more merit, is that minority pressures are so inhibiting professional writers that they find it more and more difficult all the time to be funny. The blackface comedian is gone; *Little Black Sambo* has been purged from the shelves of the Rochester library; no company plays *The Green Pastures* any more. So, too, with the be-derbied Jew in his baggy pants: tell a Jewish story these days and you're anti-Semitic; the Anti-Defamation League dispatches anguished letters. You can't kid the Catholics, the Italians, the Greeks or the Irish. All the villains must be named Jones, and there is even a Society for the Prevention of the Use of the Name Jones by Way of Example.

Whatever the cause, this presidential year finds the country again beshadowed by the grim clouds of David Lawrence, the soft rain of Mr. Lippmann. Our commentators range from Fulton Lewis at one end to Doris Fleeson at the other, but all have this in common: They are Dead Serious. They are analytical. They are full of prophecy and sober thought. Be funny? One might as well plead with Mrs. Roosevelt, Be quiet! The homely wit of a Will Rogers has vanished from the American scene. Irving Cobb and George Ade are long gone. Henry Mencken is dead, God rest him. But the particular voice whose silence I would mark here now is the Irish brogue of Finley Peter Dunne. He died twenty years ago this Spring.

WHAT FUN PETER DUNNE'S "Mr. Dooley" would have had with this campaign! Here are 2,000 fractious Democrats convening in Chicago — they will ride down his beloved Ar-rchey Road going to and from the Stockyards — enthusiastically engaged in committing political hari-kari. "Th' Dimmycratic party," Mr. Dooley once remarked, "ain't on speakin' terms with itsilf." And here are 2,000 beaming Republicans — well, most of them are beaming — flying off to San Francisco to accomplish a rubber-stamped nomination that could be handled as well by mail.

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Here is a candidate, Mr. Harriman, who is the very image of that famed reform candidate, "th' sthandard-bearer iv th' people," Mr. Willie Boye. It was over-confident Willie who, "musin' over his fried eysthers an' asparagus an' his champaign, bets a polo pony against a box of golf balls he'll be ilicted unanimous." And here is Mr. DiSapio, whom Mr. Dooley would understand very clearly. Here, again, is Mr. Kefauver; and it is a pity that Finley Peter Dunne, at the peak of his powers, couldn't have been around to lift up that coonskin cap and examine the remarkable recesses down below.

Who was Mr. Dooley? And who Mr. Dunne? Generations have grown up that knew them not. Finley Peter Dunne was born in Chicago, July 19, 1867. He started his newspaper career at 17, as an office boy on the *Telegram.* From there he went to the *Evening News,* covering baseball (Dunne is said to have launched the custom of calling left-handed pitchers southpaws), then to the *Times* in 1888 as city editor, then to the *Tribune* as Sunday editor, then to the *Herald* as political reporter, and finally, in 1892, to the *Post.* It was there that he began writing pieces in Irish dialect, and there, in October, 1893, that the fictional Martin Dooley first saw the light of day.

Fictional Martin Dooley? Say not so. He is no more fictional than Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Dooley was a bartender by trade, a philosopher by avocation. His tavern on the Ar-rchey Road was a grove of political academe for the whole Sixth Ward. Here dwelled the County Connock families, their lives bounded by the rolling mills and the red bridge, their inevitable end the Calv'ry Cimithry close by. Their only problem, said Mr. Dooley, was "how manny times does round steak go into twelve at wan dollar-an'-a-half a day."

But for all their hardships, the Bridgeport Irish were a stouthearted folk, and they took their politics, as they took their beer, as an indispensable form of relaxation — not a duty, but a pleasure. They assembled, these picturesque trolleymen, plumbers, roofers and bricklayers, in Mr. Dooley's tavern (he was pleased to call it a resthrant). In winter, a big red stove provided warmth against the snow that drifted under the door. In summer, a row of chairs afforded opportunity for these droll justices to sit, *en banc,* athwart the dusty road outside. Against the possibility of passing Orangemen, the proprietor kept a prudent supply of chimney bricks conveniently at hand.

Here Mr. Dooley held forth, more often than not in monologues addressed to the patient Mr. Hennessy. He had been born in County Roscommon; he had come to Chicago as a boy; in his youth he had played football and been a gay dog with the girls; he had been a precinct captain; he had never married — but such was his standing as Nestor to Bridgeport that Mr. Dooley could say, "without scandal, I'm th' father iv ivry child in Ar-rchey Road fr'm end to end." With his glasses thrust up on his forehead, his white apron tied about his ample waist, his face now flushed with indignation or placid with political cunning, Mr. Dooley was a man's man: "I would rather be Dooley iv Chicago," says he, "than th' Earl of Peltville: I'm th' fightin' kind."

WHEN MR. DOOLEY was not engaged in affairs of the Clan-na-Gael, whose picnics every August were better than revolutions — a stout County Connock man could get drunk and free eight counties in one afternoon — he could be found, polishing the bar, and conversing on many things. Mr. Dooley would talk, if need be, of literature: "I'm not prejudiced again books," he told Mr. Hennessy. "Whin a rare good book comes along I'm quick as anny wan to say it isn't so bad." But actually he was prejudiced: "They're on'y three books in th' wurruld worth readin', — Shakespeare, th' Bible, an' Mike Ahearn's histhry iv Chicago," and Mr. Dooley actually had read none of them. Shakespeare he accepted on trust; the Bible he took from Father Kelly, "an' I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's histhry because I seen more thin he cud put into it." Books, said Mr. Dooley portentously, "is the roon of people, 'specially novels."

But, if he were no authority on literature, he assuredly was an authority on — well, charity, foreign affairs, ice skating, weather, divided skirts for women, cold remedies, the Holy Mother Church, family reunions and Aguinaldo. But his abiding interest, sun-up to sundown, was politics — ward politics, city politics, national politics. Here Mr. Dooley thrived.

"The dimmycrats ar-re right," he observed in one moment of depression, "Th' dimmycrats ar-re right an' the raypublicans has th' jobs." Again, commenting upon the ambitions of Admiral Dewey for the

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Presidency, he observed that "He'll find a man can be right an' be President, but he can't be both at th' same time." What of the Negro vote? Mr. Dooley was not so much troubled about the Negro "whin he lives among his opprissors as I am whin he falls into th' hands iv his liberators."

Did Mr. Dooley have any comments upon political oratory? He well recalled the long-winded Smith O'Brien Dorgan: "He had a way iv breakin' into festive gatherin's that was enough to thry a saint. He delayed wan prize fight two hours, encouragin' the voters prisint to stand be their principles, while th' principles sat shiverin' in their cor-rners until th' polis r-run him out."

And what of woman's rights? "Woman's rights! What does a woman want iv rights whin she has priv'leges?"

Mr. Dooley was not overly impressed by the labor vote: "It's too bad that th' goolden days has passed. Capital still pats labor on th' back, but on'y with an axe. Labor refuses to be threated as a friend. It wants to be threated as an inimy. It thinks it gets more that way. They ar-re still a happy fam'ly, but it's more like an English fam'ly: They don't speak."

Neither was he much impressed by the majesty of the Supreme Court of the United States. In one of his most hilarious essays, he traced the long progress of the high court's lucubrations in deciding that grave issue of territorial law — whether the Constitution follows the flag:

> "Says Brown J.: Th' question here is wan iv such gr-reat importance that we've been sthrugglin' over it iver since ye see us las' an' on'y come to a decision (Fuller C. J., Gray J., Harlan J., Shiras J., McKenna J., White J., Brewer J., an' Peckham J. dissentin' fr'm me an' each other) because iv th' hot weather comin' on. Wash'n'ton is a dhreadful place in the summer (Fuller C. J. dissentin'). Th' whole fabric iv our government is threatened, th' lives iv our people an' th' progress iv civilization put to th' bad. Men ar-re excited. But why? We ar-re not. (Harlan J., 'I am.' Fuller C. J. dissentin', but not f'r the same reason.) This thing must be settled wan way or th' other undher that dear ol' Constitution . . .
>
> "Well, th' decision iv the coort (th' others dissentin') is as follows: First, that th' Disthrict iv Columbya is a State; second, that it is not; third, that New York is a State; fourth, that it is a crown colony; fifth, that all States ar-re States an' all territories ar-re territories in th' eyes iv other powers, but Gawd knows what they ar-re at home. In th' case iv Hogan varsus Mullins, th' decision is he must paper the barn. (Hinnery VIII, 16, 6, 4, 11.) In Wiggins varsus et al, th' cow belonged. (Louis XIV, 90 in rem.) In E. P. Vigore varsus Ad Lib, the custody iv th' childher. I'll now fall back a furlong or two in me chair, while me larned but misguided colleagues r-read th' Histhry iv Iceland to show ye how wrong I am. But mind ye, what I've said goes . . .
>
> "An there ye have th' decision, Hinnissy, that's shaken th' intellicts iv th' nation to their very foundations, or will if they thry to read it. 'T is all r'right. Look it over some time. 'T is fine spoort if we don't care f'r checkers. Some say it laves th' flag up in th' air an' some say that's where it laves th' Constitution. Annyhow, something's in th' air. But there's wan thing I'm sure about."
>
> "What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.
>
> "That is," said Mr. Dooley, "no matter whether th' Constitution follows th' flag or not, th' Supreme Coort follows th' iliction returns."

The philosopher of Archey Road took an equally cynical view of other institutions of government. Reformers and reform administrations especially irritated him. "A rayformer thinks he was ilicted because he was a rayformer," Mr. Dooley remarked, "whin th' thruth iv th' matter is he was ilicted because no wan knew him." Mr. Dooley thought almost anyone could be elected on that basis. If he ever ran for office, he thought. "I'd change me name, an' have printed on me cards: 'Give him a chanst; he can't be worse.' "

Monetary policy held no terrors for Mr. Dooley. The answer was to get away from silver and gold: "Whisky is th' standard iv value. It niver fluctuates; an' that's funny, too, seein' that so much iv it goes down. It was th' same price — 15 cints a slug, two f'r a quarther — durin' the war; an' it was th' same price afther the war . . . Goold and silver fluctuates, up wan day, down another; but whisky stands firm an' strong, unchangeable as th' skies, immovable as a rock at 15 or two f'r a quarther. If they

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want something as a standard iv value, something that niver is rajjooced in price, something ye can exchange f'r food an' other luxuries annywhere in th' civilized wurruld where man has a thirst, they'd move th' Mint over to th' internal rivinue office, and lave it stay there."

Actually, of course, Mr. Dooley was not ever much concerned by the fine points of political policy: "Whin a man gets to be my age," he told Hennessy, "he ducks political meetin's, an r-reads th' papers and weighs th' ividence an' th' argymints — pro-argymints an' con-argymints — an' makes up his mind ca'mly, an' votes th' Dimmycratic ticket." He votes Democratic, thought Mr. Dooley, even when things seemed darkest, even when Mr. Hennessy is wondering dismally "if us Dimmycrats will iver ilict a Prisidint again."

Mr. Dooley is not discouraged. He knows the party is split: "Whin ye see two men with white neckties go into a sthreet car an' set in opposite corners while wan mutthers, 'Thraiter' an' th' other hisses 'Miscreent,' ye can bet they're two Dimmycratic leaders thryin' to reunite the gran' ol' party." It is a pity, one may say again, that Martin Dooley is not tending bar on the Archey Road this summer.

WELL, THESE OPINIONS, and a thousand others, Mr. Dooley imparted to a fabulous flock of friends. There was Doheny, the policeman; and Brannigan, the real estate dealer ("of all th' landlords on earth, th' Lord deliver me fr'm an Irish wan"); and Hugh O'Neill Dorgan, secretary of the Deerin' Shtreet Branch No. 108 iv th' Ancient Order of Scow Unloaders. He counted among his customers Larkin, the contractor; and Flannagan, boss of the Sixth Ward; Cassidy the plumber; his cousin, young Callaghan, the streetcar man; Peter Nolan, who gained fame by leaping into the brass drum of the hated Schwarzmeister's band; Murphey the tinsmith, Dochney the Alderman, Gavin the undertaker. To roam through Mr. Dooley's Chicago was to visit Finucane's Hall and to attend sessions of the Sixth Ward Shakespeare and William J. Bryan Club. Through the pages runs the brassy music, now full of patriotism, now of derision, of Roddey's Hibernian Band.

"We're a gr-reat people," said Mr. Hennessy, earnestly.

"We ar-re," said Mr. Dooley. "We ar-re that. An' th' best iv it is, we know we ar-re."

Everyone who reads Mr. Dooley has his favorite quotation. This will do for mine, for it reflects the philosopher of the Archey Road in one of his more serious moments:

> "I sometimes wondher," said Mr. Dooley, "whether progress is anny more thin a kind iv a shift. It's like a merry-go-round. We get up on a speckled wooden horse an' th' mechanical pianny plays a chune an' away we go, hollerin'. We think we're thravellin' like the divvle but th' man that doesn't care about merry-go-rounds knows that we will come back where we were. We get out dizzy an' sick an' lay on th' grass an' gasp: 'Where am I? Is this th' meelin-hum?' An' he says: 'No, 'tis Ar-rchey Road.' Father Kelly says th' Agyptians done things we cudden't do an' the Romans put up skyscrapers an' aven th' Chinks had tillyphones an' phonygrafts.
>
> "I've been up to th' top iv th' very highest buildin' in town, Hinnissy, an' I wasn't anny nearer Hivin thin if I was in th' sthreet. Th' stars was as far away as iver. An' down beneath is a lot iv us runnin' an' lapin' an' jumpin' about, pushin' each other over, haulin' little sthrips iv ir'n to pile up in little buildin's that ar-re called skyscrapers but not be th' sky; wurrukin' night an' day to make a masheen that'll carry us fr'm wan jack-rabbit colony to another an' yellin', 'Pro-gress!' Pro-gress, oho! I can see th' stars winkin' at each other an' sayin': 'Ain't they funny! Don't they think they're playin' hell!' "

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